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MAY

BOSS
TURTULICI
OTSMANE-ELHAOU

YOU'LL DO BAD THINGS™

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STORY TYLER BOSS

ART ADRIANO TURTULICI

LETTERING HASSAN OTSMANE-ELHAOU

EDITING COURTNEY MENARD

DESIGN DYLAN TODD

TINY ONION

TINYONION.COM

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I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.

THERE'S **ALWAYS** AN EXCUSE WITH YOU.

IF YOU WANT TO BE TREATED LIKE AN **ADULT**--

--THEN YOU NEED TO **ACT** LIKE ONE.

DID YOU FINISH YOUR PLATE?

THERE'S A **ROAST** IN THE **OVEN.**

YOU NEED TO PICK UP YOUR ROOM.

CAN YOU CALL YOUR GRAND-MOTHER PLEASE?

ARE YOU **FINISHED?**

ARE YOU FINISHED?

HEY! I ASKED IF YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THOSE?

Oh--
uhm, **YEAH.**
HERE.
Sorry.

WHAT'S THAT?

DRINK.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG

♫?

BETTER?

MUCH. THANK YOU.

SO.

WHAT'S YOUR DEAL?

MY DEAL?

YEAH. SOMEONE BUSTS INTO YOUR PLACE OF BUSINESS, YOU GET TO ASK THEM WHAT THEIR DEAL IS.

SO. WHAT'S YOUR DEAL?

I'M A WRITER.

NO SHIT? ANYTHING I WOULD KNOW?

MY, *uh,* FIRST BOOK, HE CAME IN WITH A SMILE?

NEVER HEARD OF IT.

IT WAS ON THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BEST-SELLER LIST FOR OVER **TWELVE MONTHS.**

GOOD FOR YOU. ANY OTHERS?

=Pfft.=

FOR THOSE TO MAKE A LIST, THEY WOULD FIRST NEED TO BE **WRITTEN.**

Ah, SO **THAT'S** THE RUB.

STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY YOU CAME BUSTING INTO **MY** DUNGEON.

I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, I WAS--

--I DON'T HAVE A GREAT EXPLANATION FOR THAT.

S'ALL GOOD. DOOR SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED ANYWAYS. GONNA HAVE TO HAVE A WORD WITH OUR PORTER. LUCKY IT WAS **YOU** WHO CAME IN AND NOT SOME **PSYCHOPATH.**

SO WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP?

EXCUSE ME?

WITH THE NEXT BOOK. IS IT AN EPIC OR SOMETHING?

OH, NO, IT'S A ROMANCE STORY ACTUALLY.

OH, I **LOVE** LOVE. I'VE BEEN READING THIS NEW ONE WITH THESE SEXY PIXIES IN IT.

THEY BE DOING SOME **NASTY** STUFF IN IT.

NOT LIKE THAT. MORE LIKE...

...LIKE I'M JUST TRYING TO WRITE THESE PEOPLE A **HAPPY ENDING.**

...

POP

...

THE **CHARACTERS.**

SO WAIT. WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST BOOK ABOUT?

IT WAS, *uhm*-- **NONFICTION.** ABOUT THE **NURSERY RHYME KILLER.**

NO SHIT, **THAT** PIECE OF SHIT?! **YOU** WROTE **THAT?**

I mean, it's maybe not the ***best*** prose, but--

NO, THE NURSERY RHYME KILLER. **THAT** PIECE OF SHIT.

YOU WROTE THAT? DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS SHARING A DRINK WITH A **HERO.**

THAT'S KIND OF YOU, BUT I'M **NOT** THAT. THE OFFICERS ON THE CASE WOULD--

SO WHY THE SWITCH?

Switch?

THE GENRE SWITCH. YOU SAID THAT IT WAS A HIT, SO WHY MESS WITH SUCCESS? WHY THE CHANGEUP?

YOU DON'T FIND THE WHOLE THING... SORT OF MORALLY QUESTIONABLE? THE VOYEURISM OF IT ALL?

DID YOU KILL ANYBODY?

Well, NO, BUT--

DID YOU HURT ANY-BODY?

NOT PHYSICALLY, BUT--

YOU DON'T WANT TO WRITE ABOUT THAT STUFF ANYMORE, I GET THAT.

BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO FEEL ANY TYPE OF WAY ABOUT PUTTING THAT PIECE OF SHIT BEHIND BARS, BESIDES GOOD.

GOOD?

GOOD.

TAXI!

The Loose Caboose

XXX MOVIES

THANK YOU... uhm--

BELLA.

THANK YOU, BELLA.

LIVE NUDE revue

25¢

MOVIES

REVIEW Open 24 hrs

COUPLES WELCOME

PEEP 25¢ SHOW

JUKE

YOU'RE WELCOME...

SETH.

YOU'RE WELCOME, SETH.

JUST, BE MORE CAREFUL NEXT TIME YOU DECIDE TO START BREAKING DOWN PEOPLE'S DOORS, YEAH?

"IT'S A GOOD WAY TO GET YOURSELF KILLED."

THREE

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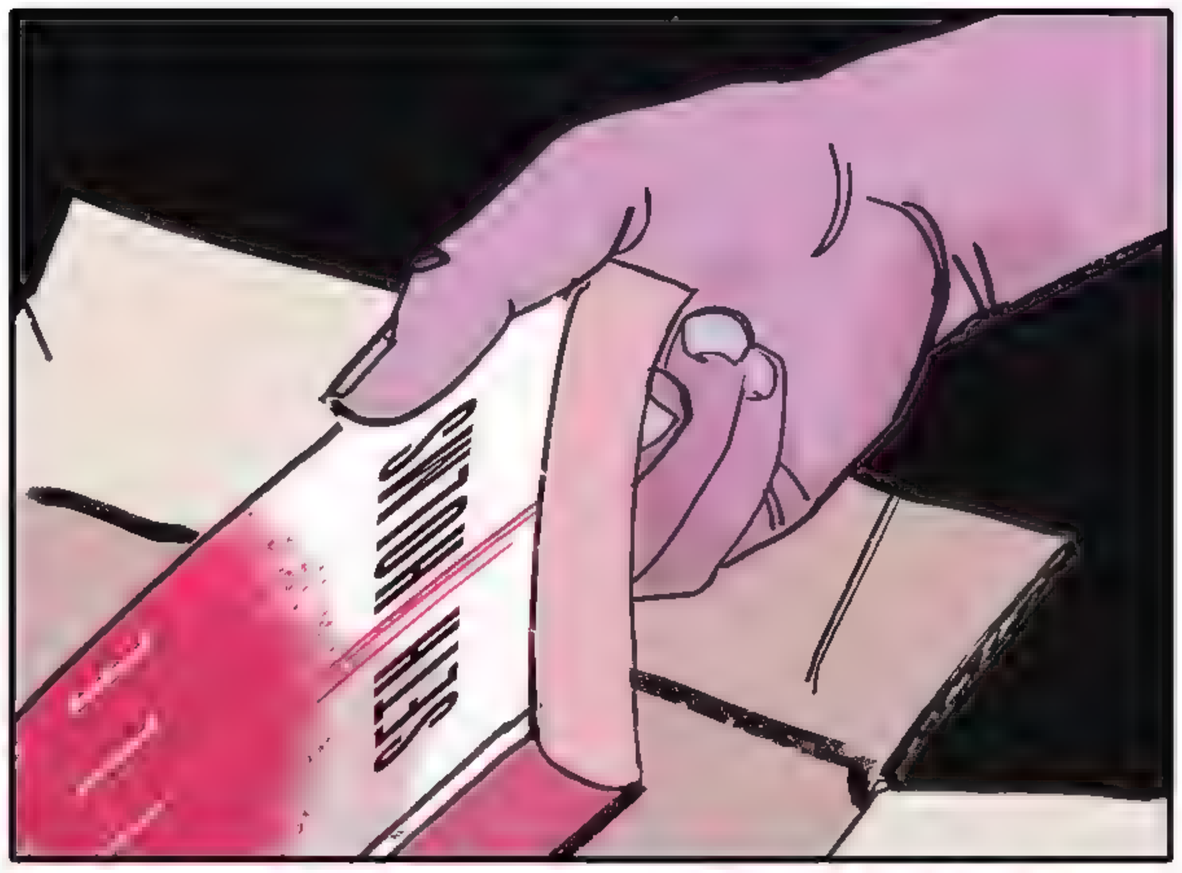
Pfft.
Nope.

RRRRRR



Chapter. 5
"Katie Ketchum."
The first thing that struck you about Katie was her smile. That she was missing both of her front teeth didn't hurt that first impression. You'd be forgiven for

The first thing that struck you about Katie was her smile.

That she was missing both of her front teeth didn't hurt that first impression. You'd be forgiven for thinking she had the grin of a hockey player.

And you'd have been right. Though her father would be the first to tell you she couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with the puck, she was a beautiful skater. She just never saw the appeal in figure skating when you could be slapping a piece of rubber as hard as you can. Her words.

But she wasn't a tomboy in the traditional sense. She wasn't trying to reject some presupposed identity of femininity, but rather had a thirst to be at the center of the action. The type of child who said "yes" to everything.

It wasn't that she needed to be the best at everything, she just needed to try it. Except for green beans. She hated those.

When people would ask her what she wanted to be when she grows up, she would always reply, "INTERESTING."

When they found her body, it took her dental records to corroborate that it was indeed Katie.

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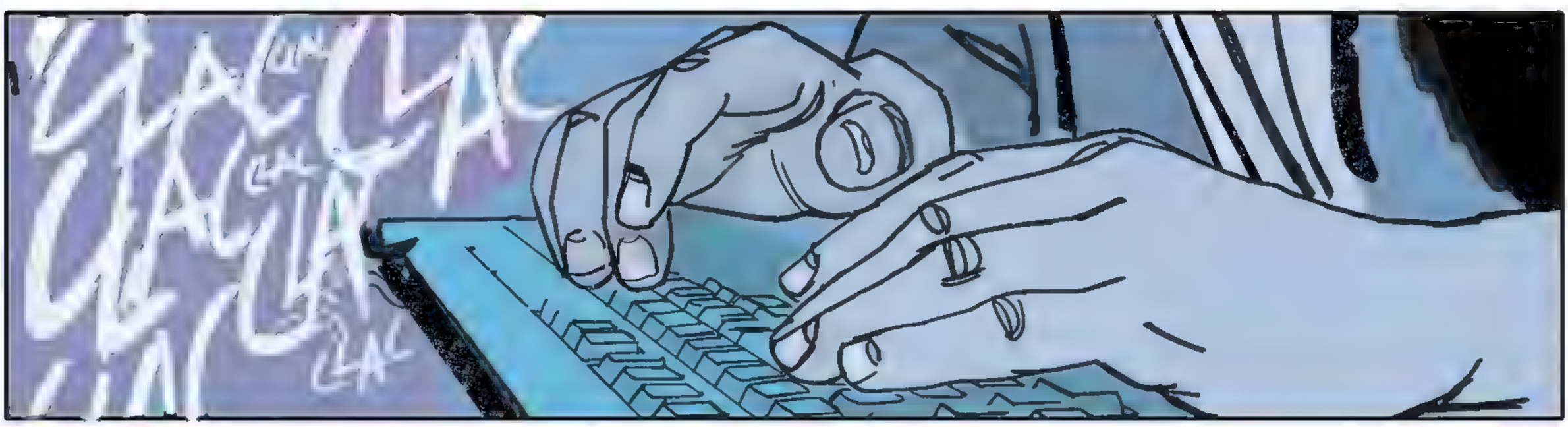
SNAP

10 YEAR ANNIV



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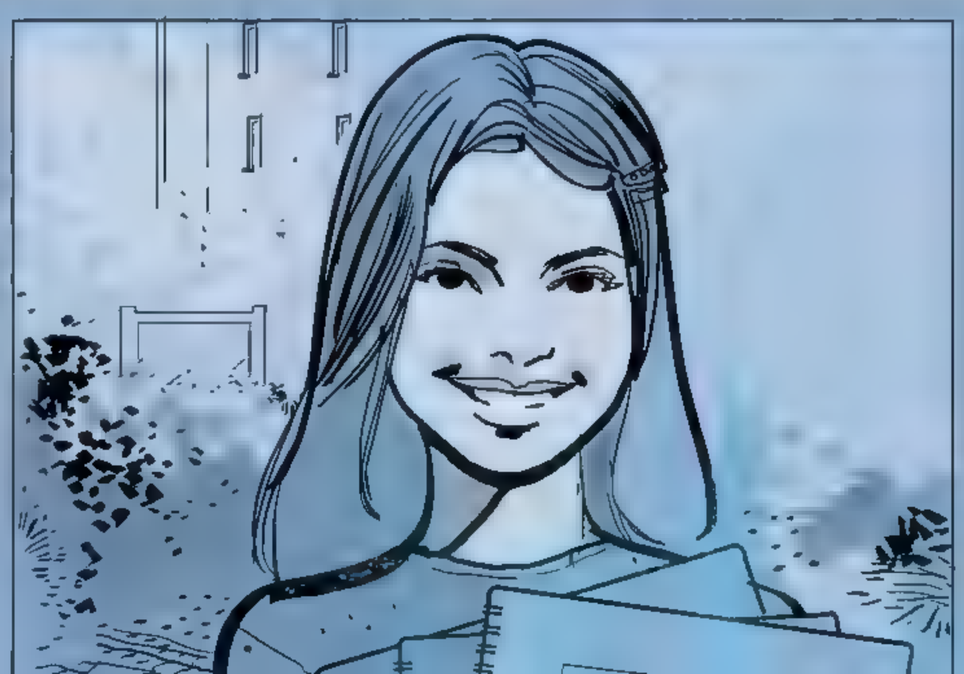

Well. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, SETH?

BALONEY

He Came in with a BALONEY

LIES LIES LIES

CLICK CLICK

<ReoGeo>: Hello fellow Katie truthers! How was everyone's week?

: Has anyone ever looked into connections with Katie'steachers?

<InflatableNipples>: yer all fucking retarded.

@InflatableNipples We don't call people that word.

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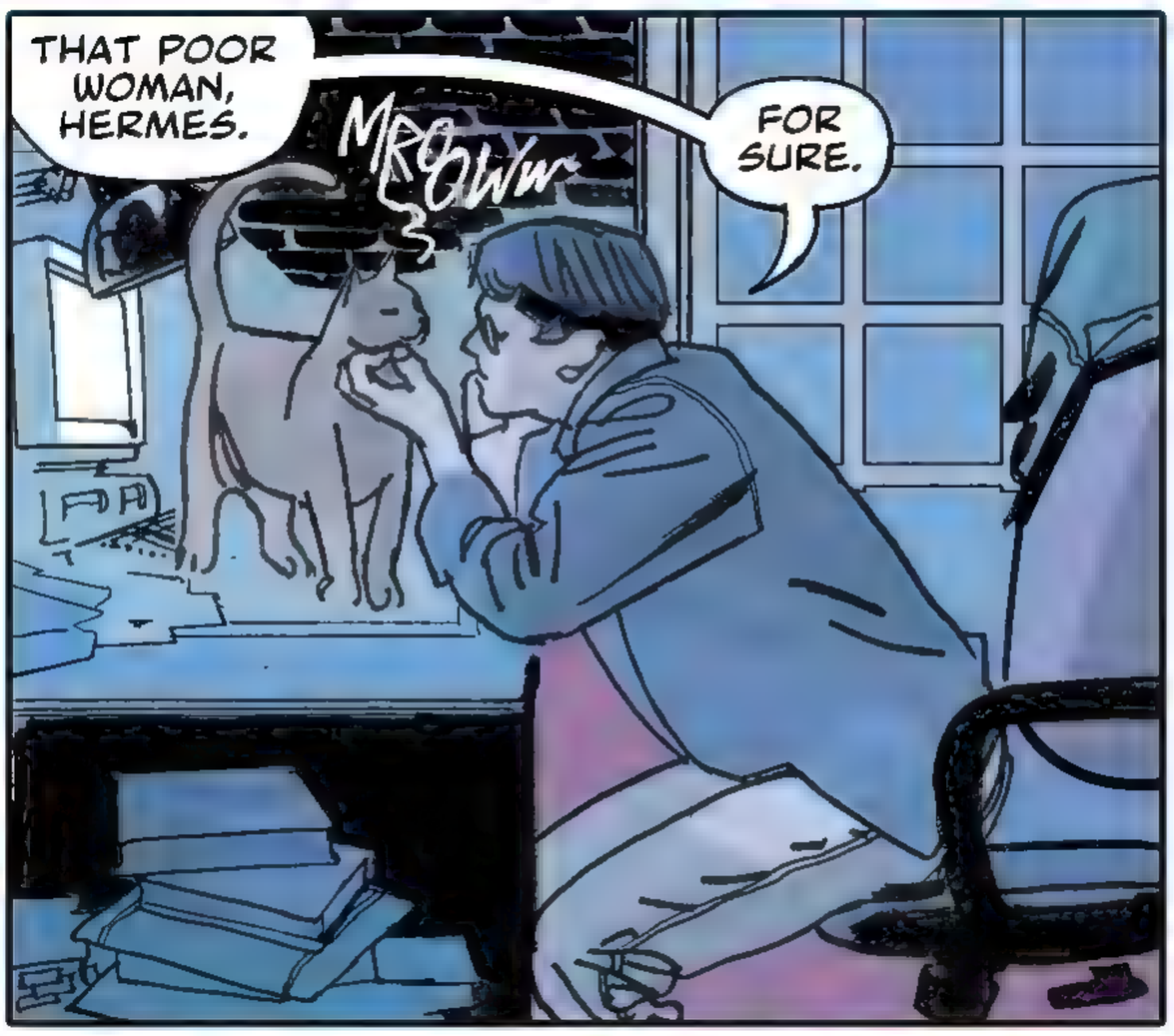
Size:

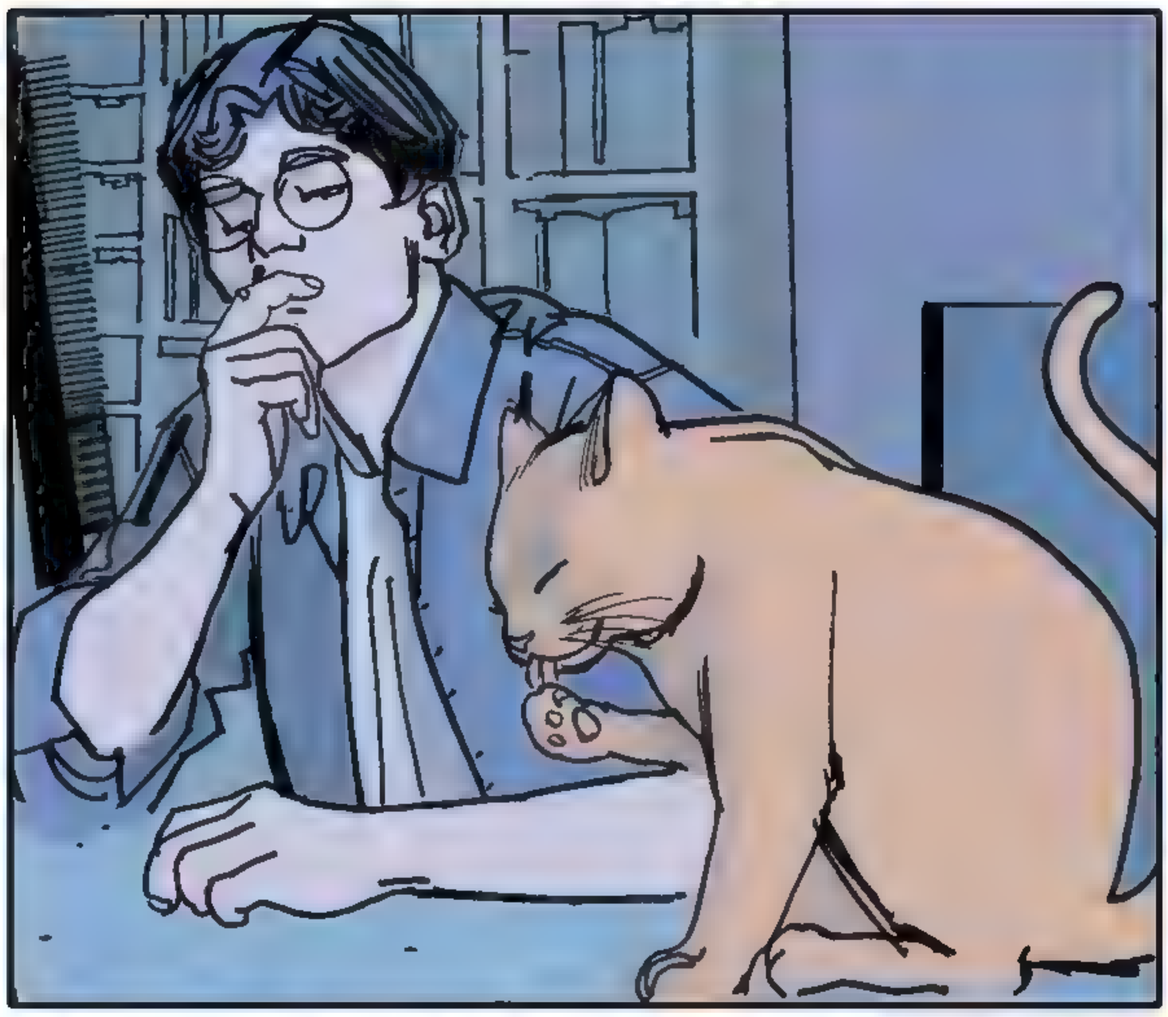
Select

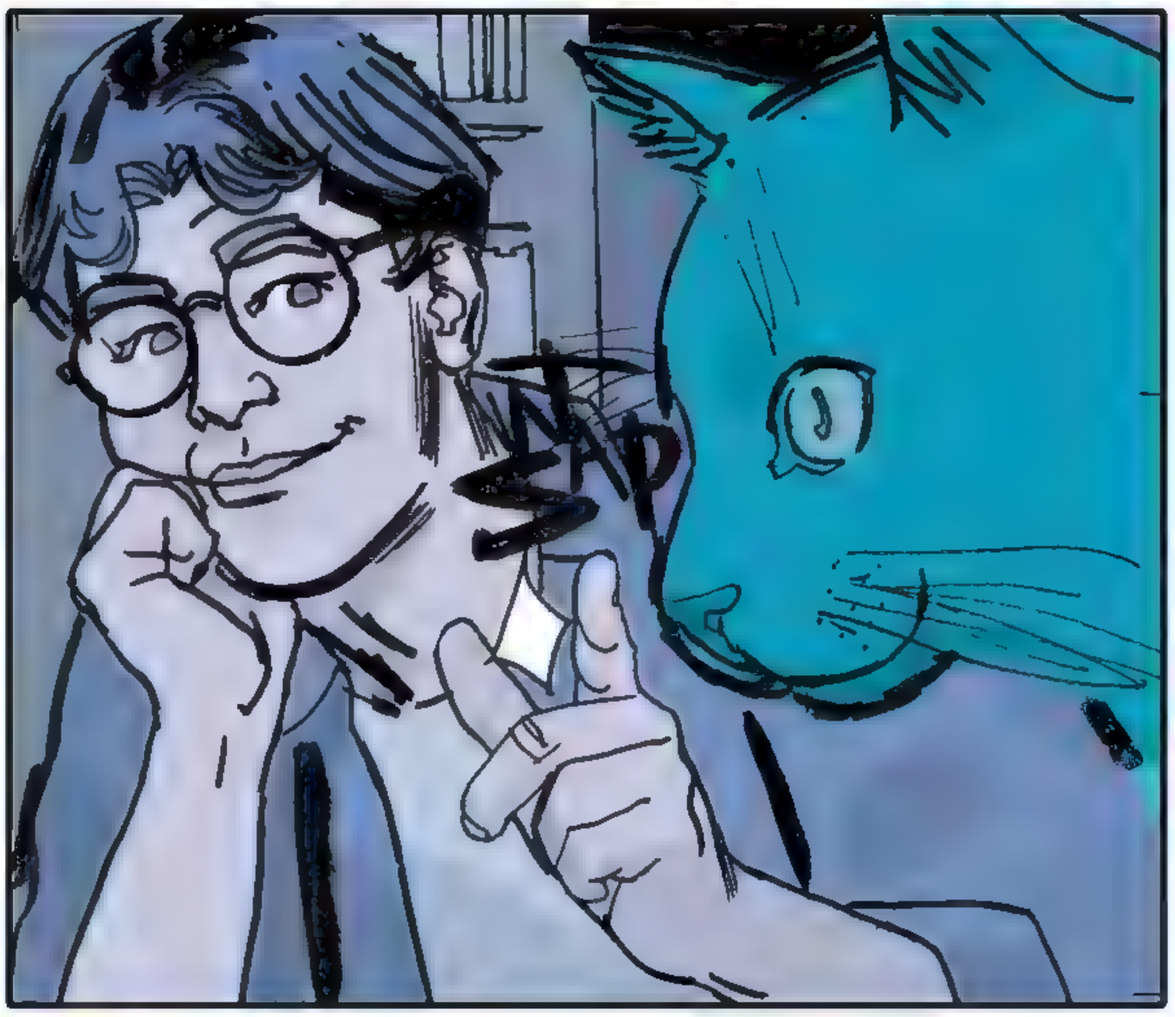
Color: Blue

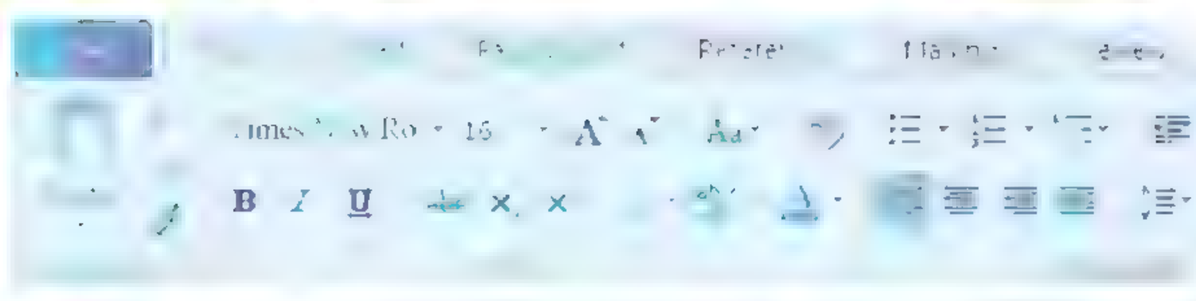
CLICK CLICK CLICK

click









The annual scholarship kept Mrs. Ketchum busy She started it four yeal.

She started it four years after Katie's death. The same year Katie would have started attending Sacred Heart, Mrs. Ketchum's own alma mater.|

The fund provided an opportunity for children less fortunate than Katie to pursue a better education.

"Less fortunate than Katie."

That irony was not lost on Mrs. Ketchum.|

[xx]

The parents of the other children at Sacred Heart of course felt terrible for the Ketchum family.|

[xx]

"Such a tragedy," so common a refrain, one couldn't blame Mrs. Ketchum had she put it on a t-shirt.

But their self-righteous pity quickly gave way to contempt.

"At a certain point you need to heal and move forward."

"You can't live in the past like they do, it's not good for anyone."

"It's sick, is what it is."

POLROCK

The thought that it could have just as easily been their child instead of Katie evaporated quicker than a puddle in a desert.|

KLAP KLAP KLAP KL

"Thank you again, Mrs. Ketchum. We can't ever repay this kindness."

"Don't be silly, it was my pleasure."

MAKE THE MOST OF THIS, SWEETHEART, OKAY?

The polar ice caps are shrinking, the universe is expanding and 50% of all marriages end in divorce.

A number that may surprise you, though, is that only 16% of parents who lose a child end up separating.

In some ways that makes the Ketchums' divorce the outlier.

EXIT

Mrs. Ketchum hated chapel when she was a student at Sacred Heart. But now, later on in life?

SKREE!

SORRY. HEAVY DOOR.

She felt reassured that she was right to.

I'M SORRY, WERE YOU PRAYING?

I DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE, JOHNATHAN.

Johnathan Ketchum was looking for a soft spot. An opening.

THIS YEAR'S GIRL. SHE SEEMS BRIGHT.

SHE IS. A TRULY LOVELY GIRL.

...

SOOO...

...

...HOW ARE YOU, DOROTHY?

I'M FUCKING **TERRIBLE,** JOHNATHAN, HOW ARE YOU?

I'M **GREAT,** DOROTHY, THANKS FOR ASKING.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, JOHN? WHY ARE YOU HERE?

Johnathan Ketchum opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out save the wet sound of his tongue leaving his palate. Like a cocked gun ready to fire, devoid of bullets.

=Tchk=

...I JUST SAW YOU LEAVE AND THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE SOME COMPANY.

I KNOW...

...*Well.* I DON'T KNOW MUCH, BUT I KNOW HOW **HARD** THIS MUST BE ON YOU.

NO. NO, I CAN FIX THIS.

The door clanged back open.

CLACK

"Johnathan?"

Dorothy asked.

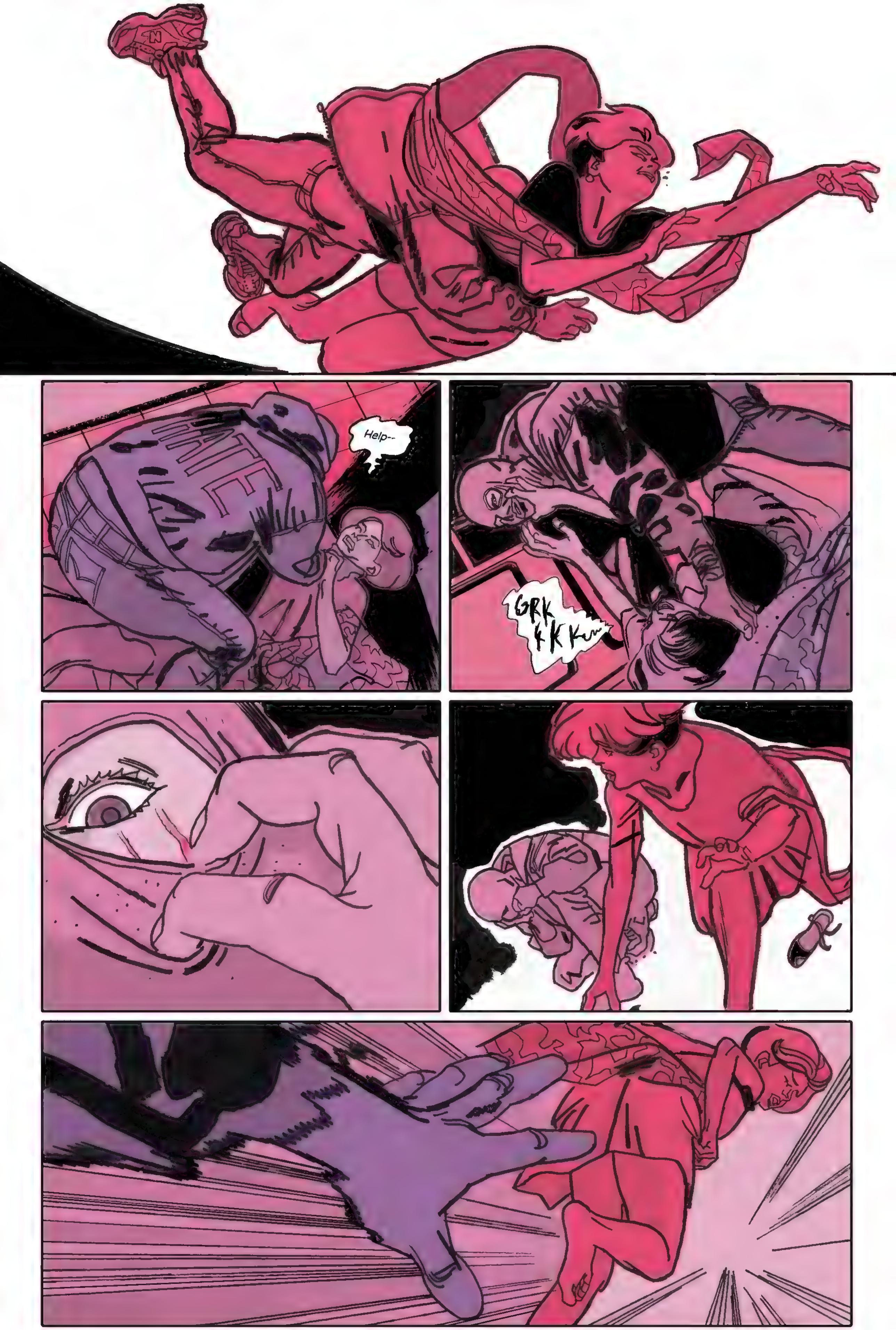
"Johnathan?"

Dorothy asked again, but no reply came...

The figure in the doorway cocked its head at the question, like a dog when you ask them if they want to go for a walk.

This isn't Johnathan Ketchum.

The Doll rushed at Dorothy with a purpose.


Help--
GRK
KKK

SMP

TMP

Grabbing a handful of Dorothy's stole--

Wait--

--crushing her larynx.

--The Doll wrapped it quickly around her throat--

WAIT.

HAAA

NO.

NO, WHAT AM I WRITING?

HHLLPP

I NEED TO STOP THIS.

JOHNATHAN!

HHLLPP

Johnathan heard Dorothy cry for help. He's coming.

"Dorothy?"

Johnathan's call bounced off the marble surfaces of the chapel but heard no answer.

"Dorothy, are you alright? I thought I heard you scream."

Johnathan called again.

DOROTHY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TAP

Johnathan was too late.

D-D-Dorothy?

There was nothing he could have done. Just like with Katie.

This wasn't his fault.

DOES THAT FEEL OKAY? NOTHING TOO TIGHT?

moe is purfed

OKAY, GOOD.

NOW--

--SHUT UP UNLESS I TELL YOU TO SPEAK!

YOU'RE A **WORM.** A PATHETIC SLUG OF A MAN.

--muh uh--

I'M SORRY? I DON'T REMEMBER TELLING YOU THAT YOU COULD SPEAK.

I GUESS YOU'RE A SLOW LEARNER--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

=Sigh=

I AM SO SORRY, EDWARD, GIVE ME A MOMENT.

KNOCK KNOCK

If okah.

HEY--

Mother-fucker...

You cannot just show up at my place of business like this. I respect my clients' privacy and this is so unbelievably disrespectful--

I know, I know, I **know**, I'm sorry.

Look, I'M SORRY FOR SHOWING UP LIKE THIS, BUT I NEED YOUR **HELP.**

YOU'VE SEEN THE STORIES ABOUT A NEW KILLER BEING LOOSE IN THE CITY?

YEAH, PAPERS THINK IT'S A SERIAL KILLER.

Well...

...I THINK I'M THE ONE WHO IS **KILLING** THEM.

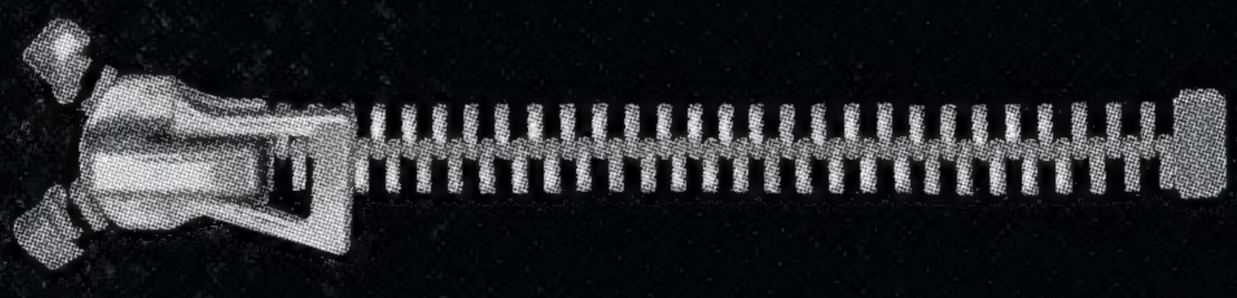
DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S HOME NEWSPAPER

ANOTHER ONE!

To be CONTINUED.

Next MONTH...



RATED **M** (MATURE) COVER A

ISSUE 03

COVER A | TYLER BOSS

ZONE